"EVERY MAN TO HIS HUMOR"

IN COURT.

AN OPERETTA IN ONE ACT.

SCENE-THE COURT-ROOM.

BICYCLE MAIDENS, BICYCLE MEN, McGINNISS, A POLICEMAN,

DRAMATIS PERSONAL



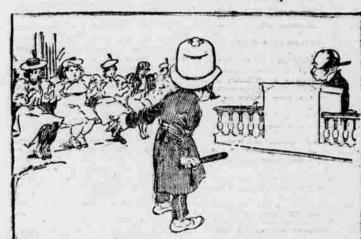
Chorus of Bicycle Maidens:

"Oh, we came to this small village, Not to rob and not to pillage. We are maidens exemplary, With a wicked feature nary. Much we hate to be molested, But you see we are arrested. Why arrested? Why arrested? Tell us, sir, we pray."

The Judge:

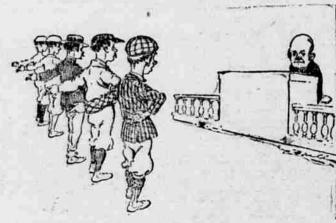
"You will Be still Until The bill Is read."



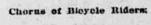


McGianis

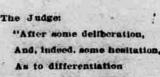
"Out OI was upon me bate, sor, Niver takin' ony sate, sor, Watchin' thim who broke the law, An' these is what yer sorvant saw. Oft OI read the laws and statutes, Armed O! was wid guns and hatchets. SezOl, OI want nomights or mightn'ts, You're peddiin' sure without a license.



"An thin they sighed, An' thin they cried. The girruls they wept, The men they crept From off their wheels Close at me heels, An' here we are Right at the bar."



"Sir, we pray your lentency,
We are riders green, you see;
We admit that we were peddling
But this officer was meddling—
Still we'll pay the fine.

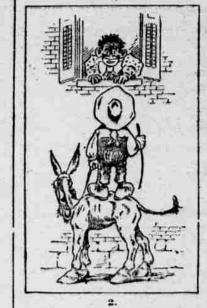


I must say,
Go away
This very day;
Now obey.
If you stay
Fines you'll pay.

Day, day."

AN ACCOMMODATING MULE.









GRANDMOTHER'S MINIATURE.



I am gazing through wreaths of rich
pipe smoke so blue.
On a face that is loving, and tender
and true;
On rose thated cheeks wherein shy
dimples lie
That were left there by fairles in
passing by,
On eyes which have stolen their
beautiful hue,
From the depths of the violet's deepest blue.

I drink in the beauties of bright curls
which hold
All the glimmer and glitter of sunlight's gold.
From my heart leaps the wish—
"Were she but my bride"—
But I can't bridge a chasm four
decades wide.
"The spell of the painting will fade"
I opine,
"Tis an old-minimature of a grandma
of mine.

QUICK DELIVERY.



Gentleman—I want a boy to go to market and get me a watermelon.

Operator—Why, watermelons are not ripe yet.

Gentleman—No, but they will be by the time the boy gets to market.

OUR SLANGUAGE.



She—Whatever became of the nice-looking young man who assisted you? He—He was fired. He don't cut no ice wid me now.

HAD BEEN READING PUNCH.



Jack-Do you know that the national games of England and America are immoral?

Jill-Oh, nonsense. How do you make that out?

Jack-Well, cricket is a "wicket game" and ball is a "base game,"
Seo?

OF COURSE SHE FLOATED.



Miss Barbara-I can float beauti fully.
Miss Wire-Yes, I heard brother remark that you were a "corker."

A WHEEL DOCTOR



Cholly—I have an awful bendache this morning. Willie—Why don't you consult a wheelwright?

A SURE THIN



She-What horse did you back to day? He-"Situation." I played him for a place.

THE DARKTOWN REGIMENT IN CAMP.



Sergeant—Put out dat light.
Voice Within—Dat's de moon, sabgent.